

1. K. Leade couragiour Cofin.

1.2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

*A great noise within crying, run, save hold:*

*Enter in hast a Messenger.*

Mess. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithous in haste.*

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a cursed hast you made  
If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,  
The gods will shew their glory in a life.  
That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be,  
When *Venus* I have said is false? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arise great Sir, and give the tydings eare  
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What  
Hath wakt us from our dreame?

Pir. Lift then: your Cofin  
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*  
Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing  
Not a hayre worth of white, which some will say  
Weakens his price, and many will not buy  
His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition  
Heere findes allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*  
Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*  
Did rather tell, then trample, for the horse  
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider  
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting  
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Musicke  
His owne hoofes made; (for as they say from iron  
Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,  
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him posselt  
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke  
Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,  
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire.  
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder  
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,  
Forgets schoole dooing, being therein traird,  
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather  
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes  
Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to dis-seate  
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,  
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffring  
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plunges  
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes  
on end he stands

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head  
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victorios wreath  
Even then fell off his head: and presently  
Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze  
Becomes the Riders load: yet is he living,  
But such a vessell tis, that floates but for  
The surge that next approaches: he much desires  
To have some speech with you: Loe he appeares.

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance  
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,  
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:  
Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*,  
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*  
And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,  
Farewell: I have told my last houre; I was false,  
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofin:  
One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:  
Take her: I die.

Pal. Thy brave soule seeke *Elixium*. (thee,  
*Emil.* Ile close thine eyes Prince: blessed soules be with  
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,  
This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.  
*Thes.* In this place first you fought: ev'n very here  
I sundred you, acknowledge to the gods  
Our thanks that you are living:  
His part is playd, and though it were too short  
He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The